THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, July 28, 1800.

The Epiſtle from the Yearly Meeting held in London, by Adjournments, from the 21ſt to the 31ſt of the Fifth Month, 1800, incluſive;

To the QUARTERLY and MONTHLY MEETINGS of FRIENDS in Great Britain, Ireland, and elſewhere.

Dear Friends,

A Religious concern ſtill attends our minds, that ye, our dear abſent brethren, may partake of the benefit and bleſſing of our thus aſſembling together; not only by means of ſuch regulations as have been found expedient, but that we may convey to you, through this our affectionate ſalutation, the deſire which the collected body feels for you as for itſelf; that we may all be what we profeſs: that we may all daily look at our foundations, and be fervent in our prayers for an eſtabliſhment upon that rock, againſt which every ſtorm will beat in vain. In the renewings, therefore, of that love, which knows no abatement from length of time; but through all ages remains the ſame, in the hearts of believers; in the love of the goſpel of Chriſt Jeſus, our Redeemer, we tenderly ſalute you.

The accounts of ſufferings brought in this year, chiefly for tithes, prieſts' demands, and thoſe called church rates, alſo for military purpoſes, amount in Great Britain to ſeven thouſand five hundred and ninety-one pounds, and in Ireland to ſix hundred and three pounds.

Epiſtles have been received this year from all the Yearly Meetings on the American continent; and accounts, from our ſeveral Quarterly Meetings, and from Ireland. Having, in theſe laſt-mentioned communications a view of the preſent ſtate of the ſociety in theſe nations, we find cauſe to continue "to ſtir up your pure mind by way of remembrance, that ye may be mindful of the words which were ſpoken before by the holy prophets, and of the commandment of the apoſtles of the Lord and Saviour." 2 Pet. iii. 1, 2.

We beſeech you, brethren, be watchful. Keep in the holy incloſure of the preſerving fear of God; and call to mind the perfect ſecurity of Iſrael, encamped of old under his never-failing protection; when the intended curſes of an enemy were converted into bleſſings. He with whom we have to do, is the ſame yeſterday, to-day, and for ever. Why then are we not kept in his fear, and made perfect in his love? Is it not becauſe the viſible things of this fading ſtate, are, in various ways and portions, drawing away our attention? But, Friends, enter, from time to time, into the cloſet: ſhut to the door. Pray to your Father who ſeeth in ſecret, for daily ſupplies of ſtrength, to ſuppreſs that immoderate love of earthly things which prevents you from giving to him his due pre-eminence.

They who are obedient to this univerſal injunction of our Saviour, "Watch," (Mark xiii. 37.) are prepared for the due fulfilling of every duty; and eminently ſo, for that moſt eſſential one of worſhip. How many feel themſelves languid when aſſembled for this ſolemn purpoſe, for want of a previous preparation of heart! The mind, crowded with thoughts on outward things, in approaching the place for public worſhip, and reſuming them with avidity on its return, is not likely to fill up the interval to profit; and to ſuch, their meeting together may prove a form as empty, as any of thoſe out of which we believe. Truth, called our forefathers, and ſtill calls us. If we truly ſucceed them, as witneſſes for the truth, we muſt look beyond forms to that which is the life of all true religious performances: ſo we may become fitted, in our ſeveral ſtations, for the Lord's ſervice, the promotion of the cauſe of righteouſneſs on earth.

Dear Friends, we believe there are many of you, and eſpecially of the youth, who, in a good degree, have given up, and are giving up, your hearts to ſerve the Lord. May you ſubmit with patience to all the repeated baptiſms neceſſary for your refinement! The goſpel hath its tribulations; but they are not like the ſorrow of the world, which worketh death.

death. They are intended to diſturb the polluted reſt in mere worldly enjoyments; they unite you to the living members of Chriſt's body, in whom the ſame things have been accompliſhed; and, if they be accepted as tokens of his love, and abode under the allotted time without repining, they will completely unite you to him, the Holy Head.

Wherefore, ye dearly beloved youth, our treaſure, in whom we ſometimes dare to delight, and to hope that you will one day ſucceed to the places of thoſe faithful labourers, who have paſſed, and are paſſing, from works to rewards; we entreat you, dear children, with tender ſolicitude we preſs it upon you, flee from every thing which tends to ſpoil you of your innocence; and to render your minds leſs receptive of that holy influence, which your enlightened judgment demonſtrates to be truth.

And ye parents, be ye ſolicitous to diſcharge your important and awful duty, with ſcrupulous attention. It is often too late to warn the youthful mind of danger, when your own negligence, or indulgence, hath ſuffered your offſpring to deviate from the path of ſimplicity, in which you have thought yourſelves bound to walk, and in which you have found peace. If you fail to ſuppreſs the early beginnings of undue liberty, how can you expect a bleſſing on your endeavours, when further deviations at length arouſe your attention: and how, having failed to rule your own houſes well, can you expect duly to "take care of the church of God;" (1 Tim. iii. 5.) by performing that too much neglected duty of private admonition therein? There were of old thoſe who brought children to Chriſt, in the days of his fleſh; and now the religious parent can breathe no warmer aſpiration for them, than when he ſpiritually commends his tender offſpring to the protection of his Lord. But ſee, Friends, that you encourage no propenſities in them which prevent a union with him. Reſtrain them, we beſeech you, from aſſociating with thoſe whoſe influence and example lead away from his law; and be eſpecially careful that you introduce not among them, publications, which are, either wholly, or in part, repugnant to the faith, as it is in Jeſus. Let it be your own daily care to endeavour after cloſer communion with him, and to walk in meek ſubmiſſion to his commands: ſo may you gain, over the minds of the youth providentially placed under your care, that aſcendancy which ariſes from the united effects of ſound judgment, trueſt love, and a good example.

Finally, Friends, of every age, of every rank, we commend you to the protection of Him who died for us, and "who ever liveth to make interceſſion for us, who is able to ſave them to the uttermoſt that come unto God by him." (Heb. vii. 25.)

Signed in and on behalf of the meeting, by

WILLIAM ALEXANDER,

Clerk to the meeting this year.

Original Letter from the late Lord Orford to Mrs. C. Macaulay, the Hiſtorian.

I Hope you will allow it a little warmer name than politeneſs, Madam, when I am eager and zealous to obey your commands. Good breeding is ſo much a law of ſociety, that one exerciſes it towards thoſe that are indifferent, or even unwelcome. Reſpect and regard paid to merit, to the union of bright virtue and genius, is the homage of ſentiment, and the coin for which politeneſs is only the change. I think my reſtraining myſelf from ſaying more is a teſt of the deference. Civility and ceremony think they cannot ſay enough the leſs they mean; eſteem is afraid of being thought ceremonious, becauſe ceremony is ſynonymous to inſincerity.

As I intereſt myſelf moſt ſincerely in your health, Madam, and am much concerned that it is not perfectly good, allow me to tell you, that if you avoid fogs, you ought not to ſtay long at Paris in winter. I paſſed above ſeven months there eleven years ago, from the middle of Auguſt to the middle of March, juſt after two fits of the gout, and found the fogs there, in the winter months, not only full as frequent, but much more ſenſible to me, from the narrowneſs and crookedneſs of the ſtreets, from the height of the houſes, and from the porouſneſs of the ſtone buildings which reverberated the damp. The ſtaircaſes, entirely open to the court, are continually moiſt; and the want of a free circulation of air, and the many families crouded into houſes of five and ſix ſtories, with the naſtineſs of the French (except in their perſons,) ſubject Paris to contagious fevers thrice for once that they afflict us in London. Dr. Gem, a very worthy Engliſh phyſician there, has often aſſured me this is fact. If you are not acquainted with him, Madam, I ſhall beg to recommend him to your notice, not only as converſant both with the Engliſh and

and French practice, but as a moſt worthy honeſt man, whoſe principles entitle him to your regard.

For letters of recommendation, it is doing me great honour to aſk them, and you may command any of any ſort that I am in a ſituation to offer you: you will permit me to beg you to ſpecify what ſort of perſons you wiſh to know. The French of late years are rather eager than ſhy of knowing diſtinguiſhed Engliſh, but you are ſenſible, Madam, that curioſity is not very permanent. Your name will open you acceſs to moſt, but your fame is too ſolid to want idle admirers. If you like to be acquainted with what is called good company, my dear old friend the blind Madame du Deffand, a woman of the firſt parts, and poſſeſſed of all her vivacity though eighty-one, not only ſees the beſt company, but I am ſure would make a point of introducing you to her acquaintance, on my but aſking it. There can be but one thing requiſite to making this agreeable to you, which is the facility of ſpeaking their language; good company being very bad company to thoſe that lay them under any difficulty.

The French are profuſe of civilities and profeſſions at firſt, but I never knew them to have patience to underſtand any thing that gave them the leaſt trouble. The *ſçavans*, or rather the *gens de lettres*, almoſt all underſtand Engliſh, I mean books, for few of them underſtand it when we ſpeak it. I knew ſeveral of them formerly, but little of late years, as I lived in a very different ſociety. Dr. Gem is intimate with moſt of them. Monſieur Elie de Beaumont, the great lawyer, and his wife, a woman of great merit, are my chief friends in that ſphere, and I am ſure would be proud of your acquaintance.

Monſieur and Madame Necker I have been pretty intimate with, and ſhould have thought of introducing you to ſome time ago: he is a very able man, and ſhe is a woman of parts, has tranſlated Engliſh works, and underſtands it perfectly, though not well in converſation. But they are juſt now at the top of the wheel, and as I have not ſeen them ſince their riſe, I cannot judge. Beſides, when people have all the world at their feet, they may not, with the beſt intentions, have time to beſtow ſo much attention as I ſhould wiſh to be paid to my friends. However, I have no reaſon to ſuſpect them. They have not changed to my friend Madame du Deffand; I know, at leaſt, that ſhe can preſent you to them.

I beg pardon, Madam, for tiring you ſo circumſtantially; but you muſt impute it to my great deſire of obeying you in the

the way moſt agreeable to you. My friends at Paris are grown old, as I am myſelf, and I have loſt ſeveral there as well as here; and ſome are in ſuch different ſituations, that, from contrary reaſons, they are leſs acceſſible. The two families in which I lived moſt, were thoſe of Choiſeul and Maurepas. The firſt, ſince his diſgrace, lives more retired, and, not to give umbrage to the court, makes it a rule to receive no foreigners; and though the Dutcheſs of Choiſeul has been always particularly good to me, I could not, three years ago, prevail to have my near relation and intimate friend, General Conway and Lady Ayleſbury, received to their houſe. Monſieur de Maurepas is prime miniſter, and it would give me an air, which, I am ſure, Madam, you will diſpenſe with my aſſuming, if I took the liberty of giving a letter of recommendation to him. It is better to recollect that one is nobody one's ſelf, than to give to others an opportunity of forgetting one.

So long a letter may ſeem written with an intereſted view to draw one from you, Madam; I doubt I could be capable of playing you ſuch a trick; but, indeed, that is not the caſe now. I have had no other view than to learn your will, and to prove how very ſincerely and reſpectfully I am, Madam, your devoted, and moſt obedient humble ſervant,

HOR. WALPOLE.

Strawberry-hill, October 14, 1777.

Kotzebue's Account of the Illneſs and Death of his Wife, in the Autumn of 1790.

[From his Publication entitled "My Flight to Paris."]

[*Continued from Page* 48.]

HE ordered her ſome medicines, with which I will own I was not ſatisfied, ſince I could not help apprehending that there was great danger of the exertion of taking them bringing on again the cough and ſpitting of blood. But ſince they were recommended by both phyſicians, and I had great reſpect for their judgment, I yielded my own opinion, and had them prepared. But alas! what I had feared actually enſued: ſhe immediately began again to cough. I haſtened once more to the phyſicians, though with much leſs ſanguine feelings than before, and told them what

had happened, when they desired that all attempts at medicine might be relinquished.

Alas! never shall I be able to banish the dreadful idea, that had she been suffered to remain quiet that morning, and not been disturbed in this way, her youth and excellent constitution might at length have worn out her disease. Yet let it not be thought that I mean to cast a reflection upon our two worthy physicians. I am confident, that they were scarcely less anxious than myself, to save a life so dear to us all; and I doubt not were actuated by the fear of omitting any thing at so important a moment, that had the remotest chance of proving beneficial. But when a house is burnt down, people are apt to say, that a pail of water thrown earlier on this or that spot, might have saved the whole edifice. The world must not be severe with a man under misfortune.

I sent once more to Jena, to beg my friend Dr. Starke's attendance. I charged the servant to make the utmost possible haste, and to return instantly with the Doctor. The honest fellow, who loved his mistress sincerely, and who, indeed, did not love her? was gone no more than three hours and a half. He brought me a note from Dr. Starke, with a promise that he would be with me himself in the afternoon.

It was now noon. Exhausted with fatigue and anguish, I had lain down on the sopha, and endeavoured to sleep; but when I heard the sound of the horse galloping along the street, I sprang up, and hastened with the note into the sick chamber. There I found the same symptoms of approaching death as the evening before, the same rattling in the throat, the same fixed glare of the eyes, and the same despair in the countenances of all the attendants. The looks of the physician, too, plainly confessed that his art could do no more for her.

Ah! he could not!—and God would not!—Why he thus tore asunder one of the happiest couples that ever were united!—Why he separated souls that only wished to live for each other! Into those two things we are forbidden to enquire!—But, oh! let not any one impute it to me as a sin that I complain!—The Lord gave her to me!—The Lord hath taken her away!—I am no dissembler—I cannot add, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Of what passed in this and the following hours I have but a confused recollection. How I kissed her for the last time, without even receiving a like faint return as the evening before;

fore; how I ruſhed out of the room, unable to ſupport the idea of beholding her laſt ſtruggles; how I ran to the houſe of a friend a few doors off, and what horrible feelings there rent my boſom—all, all theſe appear to me as the harraſſing images of ſome fearful dream.

Not many days before I had ſaid to this friend, that I was confident my ſenſes never could ſupport the loſs of my wife: and earneſtly intreated him, ſhould this dreadful cataſtrophe actually take place, to think and to act for me, and endeavour, for the ſake of my poor motherleſs infants, if poſſible, to reſcue from deſpair a father who had himſelf ſtood for three years upon the brink of the grave. I charged him, when the laſt fatal ſtroke ſhould be over, inſtantly to order a chaiſe, and fly with me, no matter whither, only to take me from the place that had been the ſcene of all my ſorrows—from the place where every joy muſt be buried in the grave of my deceaſed wife. He promiſed to comply with my requeſt, and kept his word. He went himſelf to my houſe, my wife had breathed her laſt, and he ſent inſtantly to the poſt.

I repeat it, that I have no clear idea of my own feelings. My brain was all confuſion; overpowered with anguiſh, I could not remain a moment in the ſame ſpot; every place ſeemed too confined for my burſting boſom; no tears came to my relief; I ran half frantic into the ſtreet, a bleak north-wind blew directly through it; yet even there I felt as in a burning furnace.

I told my friend I would wait for him at the gate of the town; and thither I haſtened, though I ſcarcely know myſelf how I reached it; neither am I certain, whether by the way I met any perſon with whom I was acquainted. I only recollect, ſince of this my anguiſh reminded me, ſeeing the poſtillion who a few weeks before had driven my wife and me to Leipſick.

I remained for two hours without the gate, accompanied only by my own anguiſh and diſtraction. The weather was cold, rainy, and ſtormy, but I was inſenſible to it. I walked up and down by the ſide of a ditch, endeavouring to collect my ſcattered ſenſes, and reflect calmly upon my ſituation, but it was impoſſible. Once or twice a few tears came to my relief, but they were few. Heaven was ſparing of this lenient balm.

After a while, an old man in a ſoldier's uniform, probably a penſioner of the neighbouring hoſpital, whoſe attention, I ſuppoſe, had been excited by the wildneſs of my appearance, came up to me, and aſked if I was ill. I anſwered, Yes,

andpaſſed on. " Ah! that's plainly enough to be ſeen!" I could hear him ſay in a compaſſionate tone, as I continued walking forwards. I know not whether it was this appearance of participation in my ſorrow that gave a new turn to my feelings, but I burſt into tears, and wept violently for ſome minutes; yet this was ſoon paſt, and I relapſed into my former ſtate of gloomy ſtupefaction.

At length, towards evening, I ſaw my own travelling carriage approach, the ſame carriage into which I had ſo often handed my Frederica; in which I had enjoyed ſo many happy hours by her ſide. I got haſtily into it; the little dog which had been my wife's favourite was there, and jumped upon me, wagging his tail. Oh God! what painful recollections did it call into my mind. Every thing in the carriage bore ſome reference to my Frederica. In one pocket was a ſtain, made by a bottle of medicine which ſhe had once broke. Here was a needle, with which ſhe had been at work: there the mark of the powder from her hair: and yet what was abſent reminded me of her far more painfully than what was preſent. At our departure from Reval, I had a couple of ſmall pillows made, covered with leather, to reſt our heads againſt on the journey. On theſe my wife had lain during her illneſs, as ſhe found the pillows belonging to the bed too warm—on theſe ſhe died!

We proceeded onwards, the clouds began to diſperſe, and the moon appeared. Not a word was ſpoken. My friend felt ſenſibly, that at preſent any attempts to conſole me were vain; he was ſilent therefore, and in my heart I acknowledged this as an obligation. I fixed my eyes ſteadily upon the clouds, which the wind blew into a thouſand varied forms, at firſt only with a vacant ſtare; but after a while they caught my attention, and my fancy found a melancholy gratification in likening them to ſuch images as were moſt accordant with the ſituation of my ſoul. In one, I ſaw a coffin; in another, a funeral proceſſion; in another a hat, with a long crape hatband. I found in the heavens whatever I ſought; never was my imagination ſo fertile in forming reſemblances. At length about eight o'clock we arrived at Erfurth.

Soon after I had left my houſe, Dr. Starke arrived, and opened a vein in my poor Frederica's arm, but in vain. Nothing could ſnatch from the graſp of death the ſweeteſt, gentleſt victim he ever ſeized. For the firſt time ſince our union did ſhe give me an uneaſy ſenſation—ſhe died!

I was afterwards informed by letter, that the fever occaſioned by the milk had fallen upon her lungs, and was the

origin of her diſorder. A thouſand tormenting reflections upon this ſubject oppreſs my heart. It is true, I do not doubt that my Frederica now bears teſtimony to our great Judge, that I did every thing the tendereſt love could ſuggeſt to ſave her; yet I cannot ſhake off the idea, that if this or that thing had been done or omitted, ſhe might yet have been alive; ſo often does the reſcue or deſtruction of a man hang upon a ſingle thread—upon ſome accident apparently of the moſt trifling or inſignificant nature.

I am eternally haunted by the recollection, that in the laſt days of her illneſs, my beloved wife called very often, it is true only amid the wanderings of delirium, for the Ruſſian medicine. She frequently endeavoured to explain herſelf more fully, and uſed every poſſible effort to make me underſtand what ſhe meant, yet never could think of the right name: ſhe could only ſay the Ruſſian medicine. I perplexed myſelf in vain at the time to conceive what it was on which her diſtempered fancy dwelt, but it has ſince occurred to me that ſhe doubtleſs referred to a powder in very common uſe in our country, which, though the phyſicians may declaim againſt it, and conſider it as quackery, has moſt certainly often achieved wonders. And ſince I believe we owe the life of a ſon, given over by the phyſicians, to this powder, it is very probable that his poor mother might feel confidence in its power to reſtore her alſo. Oh Heaven! who knows what might have been the effect of this powder's being adminiſtered on that laſt fatal day, during the ſhort interval when her breath was eaſy, and her cough quiet! But how ſhould I have aſſumed courage to recommend it! ſince, if ſhe had then died. I had conſidered myſelf as her murderer, and been even more wretched than at preſent.

Alas! it was determined by a higher than mortal power, that thus it ſhould be, and no otherwiſe. The great wheel that guides our deſtinies is not to be ſtopped by a blade of ſtubble. She is dead! and all my hopes and joys died with her!—I look for no more happineſs on this ſide the grave! I may yet perhaps ſometimes laugh, but my heart will never more be really chearful! Many years may yet paſs ere I ſhall be re-united to the only treaſure of my ſoul—I may drag on a procraſtinated exiſtence, but never can I really live, ſince I am deprived of the better part of my life's ſupport!—What remains of me will only hope, will only ſigh for the time of its re-union, to this periſhed half, and the ſole conſolation my ſorrows can ever know, will be in conſtantly looking forward to that bleſſed period:

Thou

Thou pious ſoul belov'd ador'd,
Oh draw me in love's bands tow'rd thee!
Draw me to thy heart, ſweet angel,
That I an angel too may be!

Particulars relative to the Conduct of Tippoo Sultan, on the 4th of May, 1799.

[Collected chiefly from the Relation of the Killadar of Seringapatam, and from Accounts given by ſome of his own Servants, &c.]

WHEN the Sultan left his palace, he was dreſſed in a light-coloured jacket, wide trowſers of fine flowered chintz, a faſh of a dark red ſilky ſtuff, and a turband with one or two diſtinguiſhed ornaments. He had on his ſword, in a rich belt ſlung over his right ſhoulder, and a ſmall cartridge-box hung to an embroidered belt, thrown over his left ſhoulder. His tawug or taliſman was faſtened under the jacket on his right arm, a little below the ſhoulder. He went out early in the forenoon, as was his cuſtom daily, to one of the cavaliers, on the outer rampart of the north face; whence he could obſerve what was doing on both ſides, and remained there till about noon, when he took his uſual repaſt under a pendal. It would appear he had no ſuſpicion of the intended attack; for when reports were made to him from the weſt face, that our parallels and approaches were unuſually crowded with Europeans, and a number of Doolees behind, he expreſſed not the leaſt apprehenſion, nor took any other precaution, but deſiring the meſſenger to return with orders to Meer Gaffer with the troops on duty near the breach, to keep on their guard.

A moment after word was brought that Meer Gaffer had fallen near the breach by a cannon-ſhot: at this intelligence the Sultan appeared greatly agitated, ordered the troops that were near him under arms, and his ſervants to load the carabines or ſhort fuzees, which they carried for his own uſe. He then, after receiving another report that was delivered privately, haſtened along the ramparts towards the breach followed by ſervants, ſlaves, and a ſelect guard under ſeveral chiefs, till he met the fugitives, and perceived that the head of the Europeans had already mounted, and gained the rampart. He endeavoured to ſtop his flying troops, and, joining many of theſe to his own guard, encouraged them by his

voice and example to make a determined ſtand. He repeatedly fired on our troops himſelf, and one of his ſervants declares he ſaw him bring down ſeveral Europeans near the top of the breach. Notwithſtanding theſe exertions, when the front of the European flank companies of the left attack approached the left where the Sultan ſtood, he found himſelf almoſt alone, and retired to the traverſes of the north rampart. Theſe he defended one after another with the braveſt of his men and officers; and, aſſiſted by the fire of his people on the inner wall, two or three times brought the heads of our flank companies, who were puſhing on with their uſual ardour to a ſtand. The loſs here would have been much greater on our part, had not the light infantry and part of the battalion of the 12th regiment, croſſing the inner ditch, and mounting the rampart, driven the enemy from thence, and taken in reverſe thoſe who with the Sultan were defending the traverſes of the outer rampart.

While any of his troops remained with him, the Sultan continued to diſpute the ground, till he approached the paſſage acroſs the ditch of the gate of the inner fort. Here he complained of pain and weakneſs in the leg in which he had been badly wounded when very young; and, deſiring his mare might be brought, he mounted, and ſeeing the Europeans ſtill advancing on both the ramparts, he made for the gate, followed by his palankin, and a number of officers, troops, and ſervants. It was then probably either his intention to have entered and ſhut the gate, in order to attack the ſmall body of our troops which had got into the inner fort, and if ſucceſsful in drawing theſe out, to have attempted to maintain it againſt us, or to endeavour to make his way to the palace, and there make his laſt ſtand.

As he was croſſing to the gate by the communication from the outer ramparts, he received a muſket-ball in his right ſide, nearly in a line with the breaſt: he however paſſed on, until he was ſtopped about half through the arch of the gateway, by the fire of the 12th light infantry from within, when he received a ſecond ball in the right ſide cloſe to the other; the mare he rode being wounded at the ſame time, ſunk under him, and his turband fell on the ground. Many of his people fell about the ſame time on every ſide of him by muſquetry from both ſides of the gate. The fallen Sultan was immediately raiſed by ſome of his faithful adherents, and placed upon his palankin under the arch, and on one ſide of the gateway, where he lay or ſat for ſome moments, faint and exhauſted, until ſome European ſoldiers entered the

gateway,

gateway. A ſervant, who has ſurvived, relates, that one of the ſoldiers ſeized the Sultan's ſword belt, and attempted to pull it off; that the Sultan, who ſtill held his ſword in his hand, made a cut at the ſoldier with all his remaining ſtrength, and wounded him about the knee; on which the ſoldier put his piece to his ſhoulder, and ſhot the Sultan through the temple, who inſtantly expired. No leſs than 300 men were killed, and numbers wounded, under the arch of the gateway, which ſoon became impaſſable, except over the bodies of the dead and dying.

About duſk, Major General Baird, in conſequence of information he had received at the palace, came with lights to the gate, accompanied by the late Killadar of the fort and others, to ſearch for the body of the Sultan; and after much labour, it was found and brought forward with a heap of others to the inſide of the gate. The countenance was no ways diſtorted, but had an expreſſion of ſtern compoſure. The turband, jacket, ſword and belt were gone, but the body was recognized by ſeveral of his people who were there, to be the Pidſhaw; and an officer who was preſent, with the leave of Major General Baird, took from off the right arm the taliſman, which contained, ſewed up in pieces of fine flowered ſilk, one amulet of a brittle metallic ſubſtance, of the colour of ſilver, and ſome manuſcripts in magic, Arabic, and Perſian characters, the purport of which, had there been any doubt, would have fully aſcertained the identity of the Sultan's body. It was placed on his own palankin, and by General Baird's orders conveyed to the court of the palace, where it remained during the night, furniſhing a remarkable inſtance to thoſe who are given to reflection, of the uncertainty of human affairs. He who had left the palace in the morning a powerful imperious Sultan, full of vaſt ambitious projects, was brought back a lump of clay, abandoned by the whole world;—his kingdom overthrown, his capital taken, and his palace occupied by the very man, Major General Baird, who about fifteen years before, had been, with other victims of his cruelty and tyranny, releaſed from nearly four years rigid confinement in irons, in a priſon ſcarcely 300 yards from the ſpot where the corpſe of the Sultan now lay.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE *of* FIDELITY.

IN one of our early wars with Spain, two Engliſh Knights had the good fortune to take priſoner a Spaniſh Count.

No

No exchange being propoſed by either party, he was retained, and accompanied them to London, until his ranſom ſhould be paid, or arrangements made for the return of priſoners.

After the lapſe of a year, during which nothing favourable tranſpired, he begged permiſſion to write to his only ſon, a minor, as he was certain that his ranſom would be paid immediately; this was agreed to, and within two months the ſon arrived, and agreed to remain in his father's place until payment of his ranſom.

The old Count arrived ſafely in Spain, and died within a week after he had reached Madrid; but not before he had written a letter to the Britiſh Ambaſſador, ſpecifying, that his ſon was a priſoner in England, and mentioned the names and abode of the Knights. The Envoy on his return made ſtrict ſearch for them, but, as they induſtriouſly eluded purſuit, ſeven months elapſed before they were diſcovered. Both refuſed to diſcloſe where the young Count was, upon which they were confined in one of their houſes. They endeavoured to eſcape, and after wounding two of their guards, one was ſhot, and the other eſcaped unhurt with the young Count, who ſerved him as a page, to Weſtminſter Abbey. A reward being offered for his apprehenſion, he immediately ſurrendered himſelf and his charge, and after being ſet at liberty, wrote to the Count R——, the young Lord's uncle, a free and perſpicuous account of the affair, not forgetting to tell of the young Count's knowledge of the whole tranſaction, and his ſtrict adherence to his promiſe of not diſcovering himſelf without his keeper's leave. The young Count ſoon afterwards went to Spain, and was diſtinguiſhed by his Sovereign for nobleneſs of mind, and recommended to the young nobility as a pattern of truth and friendſhip.

The Count remitted the ranſom ſhortly after, with a preſent for the widow of the deceaſed Knight, for whoſe death he was ſincerely grieved, and correſponded with the ſurviving Knight till death cloſed his days.

CURIOUS TRIAL.

COURT of COMMON PLEAS, July 11.

GOOD *v.* OWEN.

THIS action was brought by the plaintiff to recover a compenſation in damages for having been falſely accuſed

cuſed and ſlandered by the defendant. The defendant is a ſhopkeeper, and the plaintiff an apprentice to a tradeſman who lives next door. It appeared in evidence, that Mr. Owen had loſt goods to a conſiderable amount, and that he accuſed a perſon who anſwered Good's deſcription as being the thief. It was contended on the part of the defendant that he had not meant Good, but another perſon who is very much like him. After a great variety of other witneſſes had been examined,

Mr. Earl was called, and deſired to relate what he knew of the buſineſs. "Know of it," replied he, "I know nothing of it, and yet I believe it will be the ruin of my family. I am ſubpœnaed, and my wife is ſubpœnaed, and my daughter is ſubpœnaed, and my boy is ſubpœnaed, and my maids are ſubpœnaed, and yet none of us know any thing about the matter. Tom, to be ſure, did ſay ſomething, but I ſuppoſed he had been drilled, as Sam Croſsley uſed to drill his witneſſes. He has been waiting in court for this cauſe theſe three days, and his head is now ſo ſtuffed with law, that he can talk about nothing elſe. He was formerly a main ſtupid, an honeſt and obliging lad; but now, when I deſire him to go to the hay-field, he ſpeaks to me about ſubpœnaes, and actions, and verdicts, and ſays he muſt attend his duty in the Court of Common Pleas."

Serjeant Shepherd.—"Who was Sam Croſsley?"

Witneſs.—"A lawyer, and, notwithſtanding, the beſt friend I ever had."

Lord Eldon.—"How did he befriend you?"

Witneſs.—"If your Lordſhip will give me leave I'll tell you preſently. I was one night ſitting in a coffee-houſe with Sam, and after he had got about half ſeas over, he ſuddenly exclaimed, 'I *did* Oliver Oddfellow to-day ('twas thus he always denominated Lord Mansfield); I queered him.' I aſked how he was able? He replied, 'I can when I pleaſe, and I proceed thus: Before a cauſe is to be tried, I lay hold of each of the witneſſes; I pump out of him every word of truth he contains, and then cram him full of lies to anſwer my purpoſe. When he is placed in the witneſs box, up they come, pure and unadulterated, dupe old Oliver and his jurymen, and bring off myſelf and my client with flying colours.'—From that day, my Lord, I have never gone to law. I once told the ſtory to Lord Mansfield; when he was able, for laughing, he aſked me how I kept out of the courts, ſince I was a great horſe-dealer. I anſwered, that when I was in the hands of a gentleman I thought I could

not

not be in better hands; and when I had to do with a blackguard it would be abſurd in me to make things worſe by applying to another. Lord Mansfield ſaid, 'Earl, you're very right; I highly commend you."

Serjeant Shepherd.—"Where is your friend Croſsley now?"

Witneſs.—"Soon after his brother was hanged, he was ſent upon *his travels*."

The whole court was convulſed with laughter. As ſoon as order was reſtored, Lord Eldon ſummed up the evidence, and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff with one ſhilling damages.

SHORT DESCRIPTION *of* HOPS.

HOPS, which are much cultivated in ſome parts of England, afford their valuable produce generally in the month of Auguſt. The hop is a climbing plant, ſometimes growing wild in hedges, and cultivated on account of its uſe in the making of malt liquors. Having large long roots they flouriſh beſt in a deep and rich ſoil, and are ſet in ſmall hills at regular diſtances from each other, about five plants, and three long poles for them to run upon, being placed in each hill. They appear above ground early in the ſpring, and as they grow faſt have generally by the latter end of June, or the beginning of July, reached the top of the poles, which are from ſixteen to twenty feet long, after which they puſh out many lateral ſhoots, and begin to flower. At this time the hop gardens make a moſt beautiful appearance, the poles being entirely covered with verdure, and the flowers depending from them in cluſters and light feſtoons. The hops, which are the ſcaly ſeed veſſels of the female plants, are picked as ſoon as the ſeed is formed, for which purpoſe the poles are taken up with the plants clinging to them, and the hops picked off by women and children, after which they are dried over a charcoal fire, and expoſed a few days to the air, in order to take off the criſpneſs produced by the heat; they are then cloſely packed in ſacks, and ſent to market, where they are purchaſed by the brewers, who employ them in giving the fine bitter flavour to the beer, which both improves its taſte, and makes it keep longer than it otherwiſe would do.

This crop is, perhaps, the moſt precarious and uncertain of any, on which account hops are a commodity that is more

the object of commercial ſpeculation than any other. The plants are infeſted by grubs that harbour in their roots, and greatly delay, and ſometimes entirely prevent their ſhooting, and theſe grubs changing into flies, ſwarm upon and deſtroy the leaves and ſhoots of ſuch as eſcaped them in their grub ſtate; this peſt is called the fen. Blights too, of various ſorts, both with and without inſects, often fruſtrate the hopes of the cultivator, and in a few days deſolate the moſt promiſing plantations. No effectual remedy has been yet found for theſe evils; it is probable, however, that ſome benefit might be produced, by planting a ſmall number of male hops in each garden; for the hop is of that order of vegetables which bear the male and female flowers on different plants. The advantage of this practice is experimentally proved with regard to the aſh and elm, which are of the ſame order; for it is remarked, that the plantations in which there is a mixture of male and female, are far more vigorous, and leſs liable to blight, than thoſe which conſiſt ſolely of females and males.

ACCOUNT *of the* PARHELION.

THE parhelion is a counterfeit ſun formed in the clouds, either by the reflection or the refraction of his beams, juſt as we ſee them in water, where ſometimes many ſuns are ſeen, though there is in reality only one ſun. We may ſay likewiſe, that the clouds, in reſpect of us, are like thoſe proſpective looking-glaſſes which repreſent many images of one thing, placed upon a table, which one thing only is real, and all the reſt are imaginary: Yet this does not hinder but theſe parheliæ may be true lights, and ſuns painted without any artifice.

Anſwer, by G. England, of Uplyme, to P. Gove's Charade, inſerted May 5.

BEHOLD when animating ſpring
Her ſylvan ſcenes and pleaſures bring,
How ſweet the birds carol the day,
And nimbly hop from ſpray to ſpray;

While ſome rude boy his ſkill employs
To rob them of their ruſtic joys,

In twining BIRD-LIME round the ſpray
The chirping minſtrels to betray.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from Serjeant Aſh, of the Exminſter Volunteers; J. R. Toulmin; Philom. of Teingmouth; C. W. B. near Taunton; G. Andrews, of Modbury; R. Andrews, and John King, of Kingſbridge; T. Jarvis, of Malborough; W. G. of Yeovil; Serjeant Whittle, of the Upway Volunters; J. B. Chivers, of St. Auſtell; Thomas Whicker, and R. Thomas, of Exeter; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

Anſwer, by J. Ball, Jun. of Taunton, to T. Jarvis's Rebus, inſerted May 12.

PERUSE the works of GRAY, and there you'll find
Beauty with much ſublimity combin'd.

*** We have received the like anſwer from R. Andrews, and J. King, of Kingſbridge; W. Harris, jun. of Exeter; R. Maffett, of Saltaſh; Philom. of Teingmouth; C. N. of the Royal Miners; W. Chudleigh, of Newton Buſhel; and W. Bickham, jun. of Aſhburton.

A CHARADE, *by J. Staples, of Briſtol.*

PART of a river firſt you'll find;
And to be ſtrong next bring to mind:
My firſt's my whole you well may ſay,
If you have paſſed ſafe that way.

A REBUS, *by J. B. M. of Wareham.*

YE youths, and bards ingenious, who delight,
In Goadby's page your myſtic verſe to write,
Firſt find a goddeſs who's in arms renown'd,
Thro' every Grecian, every Roman ground;
And then a ſong of Phœbus bring to light
Whom Thracian Bacchæ ſent to eternal night;
Next find a month; and then a city tell;
And laſt a place that differs moſt from Hell:
All theſe initials, plac'd in order true,
A town in Dorſetſhire will bring to view.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

ODE *to* PEACE.

EMPYREAL GODDESS! meek-ey'd peace!
At whoſe command contentions ceaſe,
With all the ills that ghaſtly war attend;
Thy balmy olive branch diſplay,
And drive thoſe helliſh fiends away,
Confounded, to their dark, infernal den!

Sweet nymph! we gladly own thy pow'r,
And anxious wait the happy hour
When all thy foes ſhall from their ſeats be hurl'd;
Then haſte! reſume thy halcyon reign;
Oh! fertilize each bloody plain,
And ſweetly harmonize a jarring world.

When we thy heav'nly footſteps trace,
Joy ſits ſerene in ev'ry face—
Thy preſence glads the renovated vales;
Lean poverty dries up her tears,
And traffic's drooping head uprears,
While wealth-fraught commerce ſpreads her ſwelling ſails.

Then come! in ſpotleſs robes array'd,
By chaſtity and honour led,
And leave not one behind of all thy train;
Bring calm content to ſooth the mind,
With love and amity combin'd,
And evermore with ſmiling plenty reign!

THOMAS JARVIS.

Malborough, July, 1800.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

An EVENING DESCRIPTION, *from* COURT HILL, *Clovelly*.

BRIGHT SOL far declin'd in the weſt,
The ſhadows are lengthen'd around;
The peaſants retiring to reſt
Come lingering over the ground.

The birds chaunt their evening lay,
In pleaſing, melodious notes;
The herd's low, at the cloſe of the day,
And echo replies from the grots.

From the ſea beaten cliff where I ſtand
The beauties of nature to view,

The

The flow-rolling waves on the ſtrand
Seem to join in the harmony too.

While Zephyrus gently plays
The groves' flexile branches among,
That ſerenely comply with the breeze,
And join nature's general ſong.

So grandly ſublime is the ſcene,
Which with rapturous pleaſure I view,
Not Tempe's celebrious plains
Could this beautiful proſpect outdo.

Here variety pleaſes the mind,
And taſte has improved its ſtate;
For art has with nature combin'd
To render its beauties compleat.

There the manſion's* grand dome is diſplay'd,
Adorn'd with architectural art;
Adjacent the church thro' the glade,
Of this landſcape delightful forms part.

Here the precipice hangs o'er the ſea,
So ſtupenduouſly high from its baſe;
That the dramatiſt's language† well may
Be apply'd to this wond'rous place.

Here Lundy's lone iſle is in view,
Round her rocks the white billows appear;
O'er the channel§ expanſive and blue
The Welſh mountains their ſummits uprear.

There the promontory ſevers the ſea,
Which ſkirted with ſilver appears;
Whilſt the ſhips under ſail croſs the bay‖,
And each for her deſtin'd port ſteers.

Now the horizon obſcures the ſun,
The dew lightly falls on the ground;
Grey twilight her mantle puts on,
And Philomel's notes alone ſound.

O'er the oriental mountains behold,
The moon, ſedate goddeſs of night!
The azure concave looks ſpangled with gold,
And the ſtars ſhed their faint beams of light.

GEORGE HAZEL.

Clovelly, July 3, 1800.

* The delightful and elegant ſeat of Sir James Hamlyn, Bart.
† Shakeſpeare's deſcription of Dover Cliffs.
§ Briſtol Channel. ‖ Barnſtaple Bay.

FUR LOQUITUR.

HOW ſevere, when my fingers unnotic'd I thought,
In the fact of conveyance itſelf to be caught!
Safe into my pocket, thus daintily fin'd,
I had emptied three diſhfuls of treble refin'd:
And had it not been for the ſharp eye of T——n,
I had help'd myſelf ſnug to an ounce of good hyſon.